

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1918.

## Rosner, Kaiser's "Boswell," "Barker" for All-Highest's Royal Museum of "Fakes"

**As a Prophet Karl's Batting Average Is 'Way Behind the Weather Man's, but as a Painter of the "Hohenzollern Lily," Whose Natural Color Is Black, He Has Displayed a Talent Which Puts Him Next in Line for the Editorship of the "Subway Sun."**

By Delos Avery

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JUST before the Germans captured Paris—which happened, as all the world remembers, last April—the Kaiser felt the need of a sympathetic Boswell and discovered Karl Rosner.

Rosner is to the All-Highest what the Subway Sun is to the All-Lowest—press agent, promise maker, eulogist, apologist and instantaneous explainer of things inexplicable. It was Rosner's job first to convince the German people that there really was a road to Paris—like the subway route from Times Square to Grand Central. And it was afterward their duty to show why the shuttle service from General Headquarters to the Rue de la Paix had been "necessarily abandoned."

Leave it to Rosner. When these rough-mannered Americans got in the way of the Imperial road makers at Chateau Thierry down at the Imperial correspondent and wired home to Berlin:

"Our leaders are determined to adapt themselves elastically to the new situation and not violently carry through the original plan of operations."

Who is Rosner? Until last spring he was just one of those German correspondents who served to make the official war news palatable to the hungry folks at home. But he had a knack for it, a genius, and the Kaiser, always a patron of the fine arts, recognized him.

At about that time somebody said to Hindenburg that the German people would be pretty hungry by April. "By April," replied Hindenburg, "we shall be in Paris."

But first there had to be a "bath of blood," as the Kaiser called it, for Hindenburg had reckoned that if a million more Germans would fertilize the soil of France with their "sang impur" the trick would be done.

So Rosner prepared the bath. In April he interviewed Ludendorff and announced officially that "everything progresses as it should." In May he pictured the Kaiser plucking violets in the shadow of the gun that bombarded a kneeling congregation in a Paris church. On the authority of the All Highest Command, he announced that the American forces in France "will not be a serious obstacle in the way of a definite German victory."

Something or other, however, got in the way of that definite victory.

### Firewomen Join Japanese Women War Workers

A NOTABLE sign of preparation for the return of large numbers of men to the Japanese Army is the voluntary enrollment of women in various kinds of work heretofore performed by men. A keen demand for women laborers has arisen and most of the employees have proved efficient. Women have joined the fire companies in the villages of Kyushu and have rendered excellent service. They are serving as conductors on the tramways and as booking clerks for the railways.

## Bright Boys

**Playing All Three Rings of the Circus Gave Willie McAdoo, as a Boy, Training for Achieving the Whole Show When Grown Up.**

WHEN William Gibbs McAdoo was a barefoot boy (blessings on the little man!) the boys of his native town of Marietta, Ga., decided to get up a circus.

"I'll be the wildest," promptly spoke up William when the proposal was broached. Nobody contested his nomination. Who was to be the daring and death defying equestrian? That was the really burning question. "I can ride better'n anybody else," William modestly interposed. "I'll be him."

"But you can't be a wildcat and a bareback rider, too," Snuffy Peters objected.

"Can't, huh?" the disdainful William countered. "Watch me!" So our young hero was permitted the dual role. Then the candidate for the position of trick jangler was discussed. William said nothing but he demonstrated his ability to balance a broom on his chin, a kitchen chair on his right forefinger and the McAdoo family cat on the toes of his left foot simultaneously. The gang had to concede his surpassing virtuosity as a juggler and heopped that place on the bill.

Also he demonstrated by a trial performance on the Jews' harp that he could be a band; he gave definite proof of his ability to swing from a trapeze and do the "skin the cat;" there was nobody who could count change so quickly and so qualify as ticket seller.

In the end little William Gibbs McAdoo was the whole show and everybody in Marietta predicted a bright future for him.

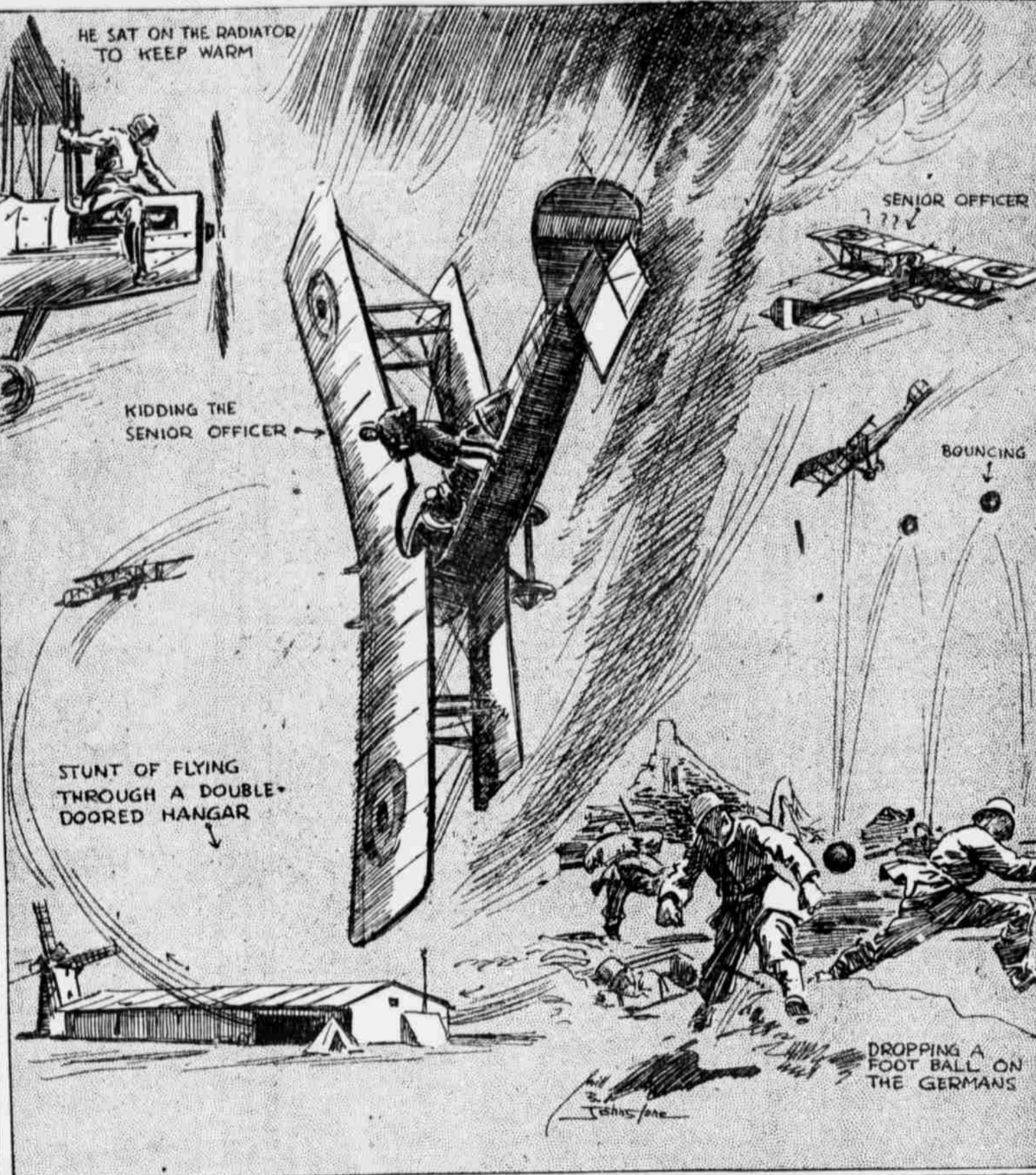


WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

## The Evening World Daily Magazine

### The Sky-Fighters' Idea of Good Fun

THEIR JOKES, SPRUNG IN CLOUDLAND, AFFORD THEM HUGE AMUSEMENT, BUT AREN'T APPRECIATED BY THE BOCHE—THEY'RE "OVER HIS HEAD"!



## Billhelm Mitt Karl

**Third Act of the Screaming Farce-Comedy, "The Mailed Mitts of Mitteleuropa," Discloses Billhelm Giving a Mapping Party to His Retreating Generals, Who Have Their Uniforms on Backward so That Their Medals Will Cover Their Retreat. Opening Chorus, "Where Do We Go From Here?"**

BY ARTHUR (BUGS) BAER

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THE second spasm in the peace cantata between the Cheeser and the Kink Karl rattled to a finish, with Billhelm buzzing to himself and supplying all the answers. When the gong chirped for the third round Karl was snoring in eight languages and pink.

Billhelm was surrounded by a mass of elbows attached to four dozen assorted sizes and shapes of retreating Generals. These Generals were noted for their pectoral medals and their two-clawed mustaches, which stuck out at very lame angles, like rheumatic hatters, giving them the appearance of Barnegat Channel crabs. Which was fair enough, considering a crab's proclivity for clattering backward. The Cheeser was up to his Simerperial ears in maps, medals, atlases, telegrams, alibis and other Hohenzollernian munitions of war.

Gen. Fritz von Gallup, the double action, self starting, retreating General, was busier than a one-fingered circus ticket seller. He was trying to explain to the Cheeser how it was possible to lose a battle on the Marne and win it in the German newspapers. Kink Karl was just registering his millionth snore when he was jostled out of his slumbers by the Cheeser's voice.

"Jazzmittelharung! Der maps iss foolish in der face like der Barnum mitt Bailey clown. Vhen do I eat der meal mitt Paris?" "Your Machesty, ven you eats der meal in Paris, ve iss afraid dot you will half to be fed der meal through der quill."

"Dammderbutions! Didn't I make der plans for der banquet by der place where der Eiffel Tower tinks it is higher den der All Highest?"

"Der Yank makes different arrangements, Your Machesty."

"Whooleswattgaoop! Himmekraut und dundersausage! Blitzen mitt eggs on der side! Who dares to make der different plan when der All Highest und Kink of all der Austria-Hungary. By der vay, scratch out dot Hungary mitt der Austria-Hungary. It sounds mits suspicion. Ve vould have food if people didn't eat it up. Billhelm der Number Two, who is All Mitt Highest. Higher den der high cost of living. Higher den der freshbite mitt der snows by der Himalay Mountains. Higher den der toupee on der bald headed eagle's head. Higher den der funny look mitt der giraffe's face. Billhelm der Couple, who iss All Highest und higher den der cloud vott hits you in der nose vid der hailstone. Iss der any reason why I shouldn't eat der meal mitt Paris?"

"Your Machesty, der only reason is dot you ain't dere."

"Ach! Picklesmittwarts! Why aind I dere?" "Look mitt der map, Your Machesty. It iss plain like der nose mitt your face."

"Ach! Does der nose mitt my face look like dot map? Himmell! Because der Clown Prince gets der punch in der spine mitt der cobbler brick, iss dot any reason why der All Highest nose should look like der map? Blitzen und dammerung! Vott iss dot place on der map vott looks like der scramble eggs?"

"Der pink spot, your Machesty?" "Ches, der spot vott looks mitt der exzema."

"Der exzema-looking spot iss where ve got off der train mitt Paris mitt Chateau-Thierry because der Yank conductor gets der grouch."

"Himmelfloooey! Iss der Yank mitt der battle? Der Mailed Fist vill punch him on der bezer."

"Your Machesty, der Mailed Fist seems to have der limp in der knuckles. Der Yank iss got dot Mailed Fist stuff too. He iss mailing der million flats each months by der parcel posts."

"Ach! Der Yank Army iss nodings bud der gang."

"So vas der Chames Poys, your Machesty. But dey could fight like der indignant vild cats."

"Der Chames Poys? Vott did dey do vott I couldn't do? Could der Chames Poys make der millions mitt vildows like der All Highest?"

"No, your Machesty. Der Chames Poys vere only robbers."

"Raus mitt 'em! Could der Chames Poys starve der Belgiums und massacre der Russian, kill der Serbian und cheat der Bullshervishkers like der All Highest?"

"No, your Machesty, der Chames Poys vere only highwaymen."

"Strafe 'em mitt der fire mitt sword! Why talk of der little retailer like der Chames Poys in der same talk mitt der wholesaler like der Cheeser? Could der Chames Poys mangle der orphan, murder der Cross Red nurse, sink der hospital ship, burn der convent and shell der Cathedral like der Simerperial Machesty, der Emperor uff der Hohenzollerns, Kink mitt der Cherman Empire und All Highest uff der Tallest?"

"No, your Machesty, der Chames Poys vere goot robbers but dey had der soft heart like der pink-eyed rabbit. Der Chames Poys rob der railroad und gift itt back to der commutter."

"Ach! Goozulum! Now I see dey iss doing just der difference mitt America. Dey robbs der commutter und gifts to der railroads."

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## His "Aerial Jokes" Prove Altitude Doesn't Diminish Aviator's Sense of Humor

**Ordinary Football Dropped Among Boches on April Fool's Day Sent Them Flying in Fright as It Bounded 100 Feet in Air—One of Several Instances Described in Capt. Vivian Drake's Book, "Above the Battle."**

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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THE newest thing in the grim jests of warfare undoubtedly is the aerial joke.

The fearful and wonderful fashion in which an aviator gives needed exercise to his sense of humor is illustrated more than once in a delightful new book of war in the air, "Above the Battle," by Capt. Vivian Drake of the British Flying Force.

Capt. Drake is himself a humorist, and is even able to discuss Germans with a playful whimsicality which does not mask his cheerful determination to kill as many of them as possible and to applaud the killing done by his comrades. His book gives in full and interesting detail the day-by-day life of the air fighter, from his enlistment and school training, through his work of scouting, bombing and fighting, to time when

he gets a "Blighty one" and is gently, expeditiously and quite happily taken from the battle line to a wonderful hospital at "Home."

But the gentle jests "made in the air" are the best bits of "Above the Battle." There is, for example, the story of Arty and his observer, two bright and comic spirits belonging to that blase flying squadron whose observers never stayed properly in their seats, but perched on the cowlings and kicked their heels over the edge, or sat on the radiator to keep warm.

Writes Capt. Drake: "Arty fixed up a thin but strong steel tube, which stuck up about three feet above the nose of the machine. At the top was a buckle, which was attached to a strong little belt buckled round the observer's waist. The observer would then stand bolt upright with his feet on the narrow edging of the machine and, the rod hidden by his coat, present a most extraordinary sight."

"One day Arty got to hear that a certain senior officer was being taken for a joy ride over the lines by a pilot of another squadron. He got the adjutant to phone up and innocently inquire what time the great man was going up and where."

"Possessed of this information, Arty and his heavenly twin conspired together, went up near the lines and then watched out for the arrival of the personage. This was easier than it sounds as they watched his machine climb up from the aerodrome."

"When it was about a thousand feet below them, the observer stood up and buckled himself to the iron rod, after which Arty dived at his unsuspecting prey underneath."

"The personage was then electrified by the sight of a strange machine whirling and diving and doing mad stunts all round him with its observer calmly standing on the top of it with his arms folded. When the machine did a vertical bank the observer remained in exactly the same position, jutting out sideways over a clear drop of ten thousand feet."

"Having nearly induced syncope in the by now almost paralyzed personage, they loosed off a round or two from the Lewis, and disappeared as suddenly as they had come, leaving the great man still clutching the sides of his machine in a petrified daze, while his pilot continued the journey."

"They were a mad pair," concludes Capt. Drake. "But several German airmen, were they now sufficiently mortal, would confess that there was method in their madness!"

He also has a story of a man who April-fooled the Boche.

"A friend of mine," he says, "who happened to be flying over the scene of earlier Somme violence one April,

### The South "Has a Heart" for Soldiers and Sailors

HAVE a heart! The South opened its heart to the soldiers and sailors in generous measure, especially the automobilists who are driving about that section of our country. They have adopted a symbol of their willingness to give a lift to any soldier or sailor they should happen to meet by the roadside. The symbol consists of a bright red heart on a card after the style of the well known Red Cross emblem. The red heart, being very conspicuous on a fast moving machine, gives a very effective welcome call to the intending passenger and has a distinct advantage over the printed card which is already in use by some automobilists. Have a heart and lend a willing hand to our soldiers and sailors.



Iss dot der country vott makes everything safe for der Democrat?"

"Ches, All Pevest, I mean All Highest, dey iss discarding der kinks mitt queens from der pinocchio decks."

"Ach! Pottsdammskatz! Ve half der cold deck mitt der sleeve ups. Vott iss dis black mitt blue spot mitt der map?"

"Dot iss der sea mitt der government uff der Bullshervishkers."

"Der seat mitt der government iss black mitt blue on der map? How iss dot? Why iss der bruise on der var map by der seat mitt der government uff der Bullshervishkers?"

"Der Bullshervishkers vere moofing der seat north vhen dey met a swift kick coming south, your Machesty."

"Ach! Himmelgaw! Vott iss der green spot mitt der map?"

"Der green spot iss der verdigris on der Cherman Army. Dey iss getting mouldy in der victory departments."

"Ach! Gotterswogheim! Tell der shock troops to prepare for der swifter shock. Der Mailed Fist vill knock der enemy for der goal. Der Kaiser iss All Highest in der parade und All Farthest in der battle towards der rear. Der enemy shall feel der weight uff my anger on der bezer. Giff der shock troops der paper undervear, giff 'em some soup from der next rainstorm, giff 'em der promise dot ve shall eat der dinner in Paris iff ve get dere in time for der dinner. Tell der shock troops dot der Clown Prince vill lead 'em by der telephone, und dot der Cheeser iss with dem personally by der telegram. Dot iss all, Cheneral. Don't step on der Karl's toes as you go ould, as dot iss der privilege of der All Highest. Giff der shock troops der Iron Cross for der meal, und hellup yourself from der barrel, as I see you half der vacant spot on der chest."

"Don't spare der fire mitt der sword. Kill der orphan, svindle der widow, shoot der nurse, massacre der wounded—und Gott Mitt Uns! Skabootch! Hoch! Und der Stepfaderland uber Alles!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)